The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 16,964.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE.

XII.—Discrimination.

To see things rightly and to choose the best—is not this the secret of the art of right living?

The faculty of perceiving differences with accurate moral insight, coupled with the principle and the courage to choose the good and reject the bad, is at the bottom of all really robust virtue. It has to do, also, with the aesthetics of life, and with its everyday humdrum experiences.

To know a man by his friends, by his books, by what delights him in recreation or satisfies him in sport—by his standards of success and his ideals in life—these are the true tests for those who are wise and charitable enough to apply them.

"Love me and I will be what you love," said the impetuous youth to his sweetheart. But the idols and the ideals of the world use the sentiment with a difference. "You shall be what you love" is their word to votaries and followers—to high and low alike.

* * *

In this view of it the discrimination which directs choice becomes a vital matter. There are men who can see only so many cents a year in a dollar, and they are of all paupers the poorest. There are others who can see only shelter and provisions in a home; but the cattle find that in their stable. Some there are who find in love only the satisfaction of being served and ministered unto. They are less sensitive than the robin or the rosebush. The bird rebukes them with its song; the flower teaches them with its fragrance. Nature and the finest of her works receive that they may give.

* * *

Discrimination comes through enlightenment. There is no art teacher like good art. Bad literature is fought most effectively with good literature. Especially should the children be guarded from contamination and imbued at an early age with a love of good reading through a knowledge of what it is. A child to whom Hans Andersen and the classic wonder-books and fairy tales are familiar will not be caught with the coarse trash of the "dime" series. He will have been taught discrimination, and so prefer the better reading.

* * *

The idea of choice as an element in the lighter philosophy of life suggests the reflection that there is too much drifting and not enough planning—too great a disposition to take things as they come, instead of shaping their course our way—with the average man. It makes a vast difference in the result whether we go through life "choosing the least of two evils" or the greatest of two goods.

The art of selection in small things as well as great makes up a good part of the business of life. It should be more studied. It teaches us to choose and to reject from right motives and with good taste—that good taste which Lowell called "the conscience of the mind." It leads us to understand the losses, lacks and compensations of life—to estimate truly so-called successes and failures. To the lofty sneer of the ancient cynic at the treasures displayed in the shops of his city: "Behold how many things I do not need!" it adds the cheerful wisdom of a contented spirit: "Behold how many things I have!"

Of one who has learned to practise this philosophy it may be said in Shakespeare's phrase: "He hath a daily beauty in his life." This is a complete hymn of praise—the very flower of all eulogium. It signifies that rare evenness of temper, that sweet serenity of mood, and those fine amiabilities of disposition which make even the strongest natures lovable. A wise woman once said: "How men would be loved if they were only lovable; how lovable women would be if they were only loved!"

* * *

The principle of choice is of very wide application. We are in a world where there is much evil, and yet more good. We must, consciously or otherwise, make a choice. Which shall it be? Wealth will continue to be worshipped. Success will remain a god. Power will be sought with the highest and the lowest ambitions. Low ideals will be cherished and debasing tastes will remain. But the number is increasing every year, despite the croakers on one side and the cynics on the other, who "covet earnestly the best gifts."

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Unlicensed Newsboys.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I cannot understand why newsboys are forced to have licenses when the town is infested by small boys of fairly good families selling certain weekly papers. The life of every Harlemite is made a burden by these small persons who surround the "L" and Subway stations. M. A. V.

No Hat, but Something Worse.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is supposed to be the rule of theatres to compel women to remove their hats, but I had a performance ruined for me last night by a woman wearing a fancy affair on her head. I requested her to remove it, but she called it an opera hat and would not do so. Why do not the theatres forbid such actions? H. M. L.

New Yorkers that Differ.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why do New Yorkers have such sectional looks? Note the difference in cut of clothes, &c., of people who take a Broadway express in the Subway and those who take a Lenox avenue express. They look as different as New York and Brooklyn people. Why is this? OBSERVER.

The Filthiest Ferry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The filthiest ferry running out of New York is the Hamilton Avenue, at the Battery. The patrons of this line seem to have very little regard for health or cleanliness. Health officers should make a few trips on the boats. C. D. G.

Certainly Not.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does a President of the United States have to be a lawyer before holding office as President? S. W. F.

A Cynical Employee.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The insolence of railroad employees in this city is intolerable. The other day I had agreed to meet my mother at the Forty-second street station. She was late and I began to worry about her. Being a stranger in the city I explained the circumstances to an employee and asked him how long it would take her to get from Cortlandt to Forty-second street. In reply he winked in a most horrible manner and said: "Your mother, miss, ought to have been here ten minutes ago. What time did he say you might expect him?" C. A. S.

Very Happy Wives, Too.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If you want to get an idea of how much money there is in this town go into the suit department of any of the big stores. Women fairly jostle one another there in trying on $150 and $250 dresses, and this goes on all day. It takes money to keep those stores busy. Oh, the happy husbands! ONE OF THEM.

Women and Racing.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The number of women in New York City who bet on the races is disgraceful. Men gamblers are bad enough, but at least they throw away money that they earn themselves. But there are women who take their housekeeping money and lose it at the track and then are afraid to tell their husbands, and the poor tradesman has to suffer for it. In my opinion no married woman should be allowed to bet on the races. J. A.

The Son Must Take Out Papers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A foreigner having become a naturalized citizen of the United States has a son nineteen years of age, not a native. Can the son vote on his father's papers after he reaches the age of twenty-one years, or must he be in the United States five years and also take out his own papers? H. JIRSH.

A Permit Is Necessary.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can any one be legally prevented from taking photographic views in the park, even if no permit has been obtained? I refer to this being done from the walks with a hand camera. T. J.

See Chief O'Brien at No. 300 Mulberry Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I get a pass to look at some pictures in the Rogues' Gallery? S. L.

Either Form Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

After a man dies is it proper for his widow to have her letters sent to her as Mrs. John Jones, or is she supposed to drop his name and have them sent to her as Mrs. Mary Jones? Mrs. JOSEPH SMITH.

Said on the Side.

SUGGESTION by a morning paper of floats for the police parade representing burglars and second-story men, transparencies showing pickpockets at work and other designs symbolic of police corruption. Every one to his taste. What the general public sees in today's parade, what it sees annually in the impressive procession of bluecoats, are mental pictures of the deeds of individual heroism and self-sacrifice which make the force collectively the bravest body of men in uniform anywhere. Not an occasion to think of wardman's graft and venality higher up. Forget it for the time being and remember what it is that makes the rank and file of the force "the finest" the world knows.

* * *

Wonder if Chicago's Mayor muses upon the old epitaph: "It is so soon that I am Dunne for," &c.

* * *

Said that the Ojibway Indians who went from New Brunswick to London feared to cross because they had heard that when a passenger remains seasick longer than three days he is thrown overboard. Not all of him, as they have since learned.

* * *

Yale seniors now studying "Sociology" in Chinatown and on the Bowery are probably confirming some first impressions received in the sophomore year.

* * *

"Who's goin' to win the baseball pennant?"

"Haven't any idea. I've been shaving myself lately."—Kansas City Times.

* * *

Poems at public dinners, grave, gay, lively or severe, as the case requires; poems at women's club luncheons, poems at theatrical benefits, poems on all permissible occasions everywhere, to the right of us and the left. No banquet without its bard. Recent magazine articles on the "slump in poetry" appears to have stimulated the output of verse to a degree to shame the critics. Feared, from a perusal of this poetry, that the dinner-table Pegasus is halt and lame as to his feet and that he soars with the uncertainty of an untried airship, but it must be a source of pride that America has so many amateurs of the muse.

* * *

Stated now by King Edward's surgeon that "alcohol is distinctly a poison and its use ought to be limited as strictly as that of any other poison." Appears to be the fusel oil in it which foozles the wits and the will of the imbiber. Said by French doctors, as quoted in this column yesterday, that coffee is worse than alcohol, while the man who takes to tea encounters the perils of tannin and tremulous nerves. Discovery of a beverage which will really cheer without inebriating seems to offer inducements to inventive talent.

* * *

"Dirty and full of dust as the old place is," said Dr. Osler to the McGill alumni, "it has done great things for many of us." Reference was to the old Montreal Hospital, however, and not to Manhattan.

* * *

Magistrate—You are charged with speeding.

Chauffeur—Your Honor, I can prove an alibi; I was going so fast that I couldn't have been there.

* * *

Fourteen-year-old schoolboy allowed to practise law in Magistrate's court and complimented by the Magistrate on his precocity. Cannot exactly compliment the Magistrate on his maintenance of court-room dignity.

* * *

Speaking of the dignity of the law, it seems to have been ably maintained in the arrest and trial of an ape in Indiana for smoking a cigarette in violation of the statute. Justice is probably cognizant of Prof. Haeckel's opinion about monkeys' souls and feels that an ape's a man for a' that.

* * *

Automobiles to the number of 540, estimated to be worth $2,500,000, counted at the opening of Belmont Park. New eight-story, fire-proof automobile clubhouse, to cost $350,000, planned for immediate erection. Development of the devil wagon amazes even those who have kept tabs on it.

* * *

Remark by W. B. Yeats in the Metropolitan Magazine that he found America "the best-educated country" he had ever visited, "with clean, well-dressed people, so unlike the people of London or Dublin." Confirms the opinion already entertained here that Mr. Yeats is a true poet and most agreeable gentleman.

* * *

Coney Island herself again to-morrow, ready for visitors, with the frankfurter hot in the pan and a welcoming hand for all comers. By the almanac of Sunday outings summer is officially here.

* * *

International congress of sport which is to assemble at Brussels on June 9 will confer "Olympic degrees" on candidates worthy of them. What American university will establish the precedent of granting degrees for proficiency in athletics Such action is calculated to meet approval as a just recognition of the claims of a part of the college curriculum too long slighted in the bestowal of academic honors.

* * *

"Where did he get all his money? I thought he had some insignificant position.

"Oh, my, no! He was a Pullman porter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

Flying stones from a blast crash through flathouse windows. Cowboys come and go, but the contractor keeps on his continuous performance of shooting up the town.

* * *

Odd form of theft charged against a pair of crows in Bombay, which constructed a nest out of gold and silver spectacle frames purloined from the factory of Messrs. Lawrence and Mayo. The materials for this nest were stolen by the wily crows during the luncheon hour. It was noticed that the spectacle frames were disappearing from the factory in a mysterious manner, but it was some time before the thief was discovered.

* * *

Islands of safety in street plazas declared by Commissioner McAdoo to be of "about as much use in saving life as a spitball would be in stopping a battle-ship in action." Sounds almost as if said by the "best Chief New York ever had!"

Spring Weather.

By J. Campbell Cory.

If You MUST Go Outdoors These Days Don't Take Any Chances.

The Deadly Love Letter.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.


Nixola Greeley-Smith.

IT is the function of the courts to decide just how much Miss Mac C. Wood, of breach-of-promise fame, has been damaged by the loss of the alleged "Love Letters of a Boss." But no one can doubt that that portion of the reading public which delights in the cynical exploitation of human weakness has missed the time of its life, if these fabled documents were indeed in existence, and have perished unread.

In no subject on earth is there a wider difference of opinion than on that of the love letter. Practically all of us are agreed that the writing of love letters is essentially foolish, and practically all of us write them. But there are no two opinions alike as to what a properly constituted love letter should be.

I know one young woman who proudly exhibited as a model love letter this brief effusion from her fiancee:

"My dear Mary: I arrived in Boston at 8.30 this morning and went to the Parker House. I had ham and eggs for breakfast; went to Brookline; on my return had lunch. Have just finished dinner of roast turkey and pumpkin pie. Will write you to-morrow. Yours affectionately, JOHN."

"There," said the proud owner of this burning epistle. "That is just the kind of letter I like. There is no nonsense about it."

And she was evidently sincere.

But I couldn't help thinking that by comparison the immortal "Dear Mrs. Bardell: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick," held greater possibilities of tender meaning.

In the writing of love letters as of other romances there are two distinct schools, the realist and the romantic. Pickwick and the young man whose effusion I have just quoted belonged evidently to the former school. But the author of the "Love Letters of a Boss," whoever he was, shows a strong tendency to romanticism. For "Sweet and lovely" began one of these lost gems of literature. Writing love letters, whatever their character, is a distinct mania, the worst form that the deadly cacoethes scribendi can assume.

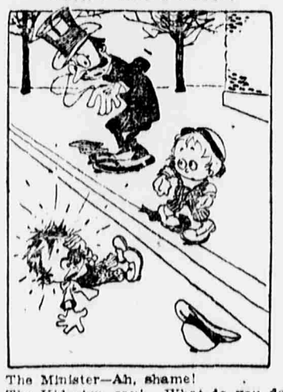
None of us that is worth while escapes it, except possibly those who are too thin-blooded to tempt the microbes to even temporary sojourn in their veins. Generally, too, we are the better for it except in the sad instances when our inky indiscretions find their way into unsympathetic print.

Twentieth Century Beauty.

"I think Helene's face grows on one."

"Well, maybe, but it never grew on her. It is hand-made."

Wasn't This a Poser?



The Minister—Ah, shame!

The Kid—Aw, say! What do you do when you're called a pie-faced, bow-legged, frog-eyed slob?

Very Likely.

Wooden Man—That must be the "Trojan" horse we saw in baby's picture book.

The Surest Symptom.

WHEN Belinda, fairest maid,
Strolled with me the woodland glade,
With a lover's fondest art
Plead I for her hand and heart.

With a look both sweet and shy,
Blushingly she made reply;
Said, as ever maiden saith,
She should love me "until death."

"But if, sometime"— I began,
"You should see some cleverer man"——
With her laugh the shy look fled;
"Are there other men?" she said.

—Beatrice Hanscom,
in Harper's Bazaar.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

. . . By Roy L. McCardell. . . .


PHOTO BY PACH, N.Y.

"Nobody cares for me, and I know it, Mr. Nagg. Well, if I were like some other people I know of maybe I would be thought something of. You do not care for me, and it is useless to pretend you do! You do not care for Brother Willie, and you know it! You do not care for my mother—you do not care for any one or anything that is dear to me.

"Oh, well, never mind! I see other men come home, and they look pleasant and cheerful, except, of course, Mr. Dubb, and he and his wife do quarrel a great deal, but that is Mrs. Dubb's fault, because she is always bickering at the poor man.

"If I was running a boarding-house I would not want a better man at the head of the table than Mr. Dubb. He always wears a smile and a Prince Albert coat, but then he was one of the most popular floor-walkers on Sixth avenue before he married and settled down to being the husband of a lady who ran a fashionable boarding-house, although, goodness knows, the Dubbs do not run a fashionable boarding-house!

"And when Mr. Dubb was a floor-walker he used to stand near the main entrance and smile so nicely that a great many people though he owned the store or that if he didn't own it he should. And he had an eagle eye those days, and the way the cash girls would cower at his glace was a sight to see.

"He was quite a catch for Mrs. Dubb, who was a widow, and greatly enhanced her social standing, I can tell you.

"But never mind trying to talk to me about Mr. and Mrs. Dubb. I am only thinking of my own case. What do I care for the Dubbs? Do they do anything for me? No! Then why do you bring their names into the discussion?

"I don't know why it is, but men object to the refined atmosphere of a home. They would rather lead married men astray by getting them to play cards at clubs and saloons and in bachelor apartments.

"Oh, don't deny it! Look how mad Col. Wilkins got the last time we had a poker game here!

"He got as mad as fire, although he didn't say anything, just because I looked at his hand and said I thought he was cheating because he always got better hands than you did.

"And don't you remember how he glared at me when I forgot to put up my chips, or when I snached down half the pots?

"If gentlemen play with ladies they must act like gentlemen and not mind little things like those. That is the reason why I am against gambling in any form, and, any way, I always lose. Sometimes I have lost as much as 50 cents, and Col. Wilkins won't play for a penny a chip and the winners divide.

"Oh, well, never mind! There is no use for me to try to please your friends, and I might as well give it up!"

The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that considerable amazement is expressed at the ease with which rank outsiders got their hooks into the damper of the Equitable and hoisted out mazuma by the bale."

"There's a good lesson in it," asserted the Man Higher Up. "The Equitable scandal furnishes us a hunch on how to steal money and not be called thieves. It's a juicy proposition, all right. Here is how we make good in it.

"Supposing you are one of the trustees of an estate. The estate is owned by widows and orphans, preferably. They seem to own most of the stocks and bonds and other property in the United States. Pat McCarren says they own the Brooklyn gas works.

"Well, we'll suppose that this estate is paying the widows and orphans a lot of dough and is growing richer all the time. You and the other directors are wise to the fact you can use the funds, but you don't know how to go about it.

"You go down to Wall street and consult a mouthpiece who is hep to all the curves of the law. He undertakes for his specified bit to introduce you to certain leaders of high finance.

"You take them into your Board of Directors of the estate without saying anything to the widows and orphans, and then the Board of Directors organizes itself into a syndicate. With the money belonging to the widows and orphans the syndicate goes into a deal to frisk a railroad.

"You must borrow the money, of course. A clerk who borrows money from his employer is a thief, but you, as a director are only a borrower. The deal goes through and you and the other directors split up the profits—not forgetting the lawyer's bit. Then you replace the funds of the widows and orphans.

"They don't know what you have been doing with their money. You frame up a statement that reads the same way backward, frontward and upside down and let it go at that. Then you send out tracers for another chance to graft."

"But suppose we lose?" suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"How can you lose," asked the Man Higher Up, "when you are playing with other people's money?"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Clowns in Society.

(Copyrot, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

We note that the enterprising proprietors of the Hippodrome have FORBIDDEN their CLOWNS from going into society.

They are afraid society will spoil the MANNERS of the clowns. This would be sad, indeed, and we agree with them. MONKEYS who have been in society have always gone to the bad, and there is little reason to believe that clowns are IMMUNE!

If we were a clown we would not want to go into society. As it is, we go in when society WILL LET us! There is no danger that society will spoil us.

We once knew a young man who insisted that ALL one needed to get into society was to wear a dress suit and his NERVE! He proved it, too!

But the clowns will be BETTER OFF away from temptation. Let them keep on playing golf with slap-sticks and AMUSE the children.

It is hard for society to amuse itself, but it has NO RIGHT to take the clowns AWAY FROM the little folks.